

Doc Cook lied about." Claims reputation has been damaged.

William Clark walked into Powner's book store and offered lot of old books. Powner recognized books. Clark arrested.

Edward Kiessling, 518 Fullerton parkway, fined \$400. Speeding while drunk. Walter Gribbons, who was in auto, fined \$50 for disorderly conduct.

Sherman Brooks, 1242 W. Kinzie st., stabbed in chest and abdomen. George Bates and Lewis Edwards held by police.

Eddie Foy fined under child labor law because children appeared in Palace Music Hall. Will not appear in Chicago or Illinois.

Mrs. Laura McDermott, 3501 S. Wabash av., found dead in bed. Cause unknown.

Mrs. Anna Feuchs, 1705 Diversey blvd., wants son arrested. Claims he disappeared with \$1,600.

\$5,000 stolen jewelry recovered when packages addressed to Joseph Smith and Frank North were obtained by detectives at postoffice. Stuff was stolen from home of Thomas T. Peters, New York.

David G. Baltimore, composer, imprisoned on charge of contempt, released on writ of habeas corpus.

Woman and street cleaner found \$90 roll of bills at Randolph and State sts. Money turned over to central police station.

Edward Borgstrom, former cashier of Swedish bank, sought here. Left Sweden with \$50,000 of bank's money.

Widow of William Beyers, 9321 Jeffery av., demands inquest. Relatives suspect poisoning.

Body of Charles W. Burt, 2136 Racine av., policeman, recovered. Burt fell into river Dec. 22.

Mayor Harrison invited to view playlet called "Pollee" at Colonial Theater. Shows police graft and brutality. Funkhouser tried to stop it, but injunction stopped Funkhouser.

Miss Margaret Miller, who was abducted by Max Smith, rejected suitor,

returned. Has sworn out warrants against Smith and 4 accomplices.

School board adjourned when names of ousted members were called. Afraid of contempt of court.

Lord Ballyrot in Slangland



At a social gathering, old chap, we adjourned for dinner, and, much to my consternation, the gentleman on my right persisted in gulping all manner of edibles with the sole aid of his knife blade. In an effort to reprove him for scorning his fork, the gentleman on my left exclaimed:

"Hey, Charlie, do you think you're at a dock wallpapers' pink tea? Cut out the saber-swallowing specialty! Nix on plunging that chive in your gizzard. It ain't good manners to dip a snickersnee into your windpipe. Besides that, you're dulling our best silver on your lung. If you want to plunge mashed potatoes in your face with a bolo—then outside, kid. Outside!"

My word!